

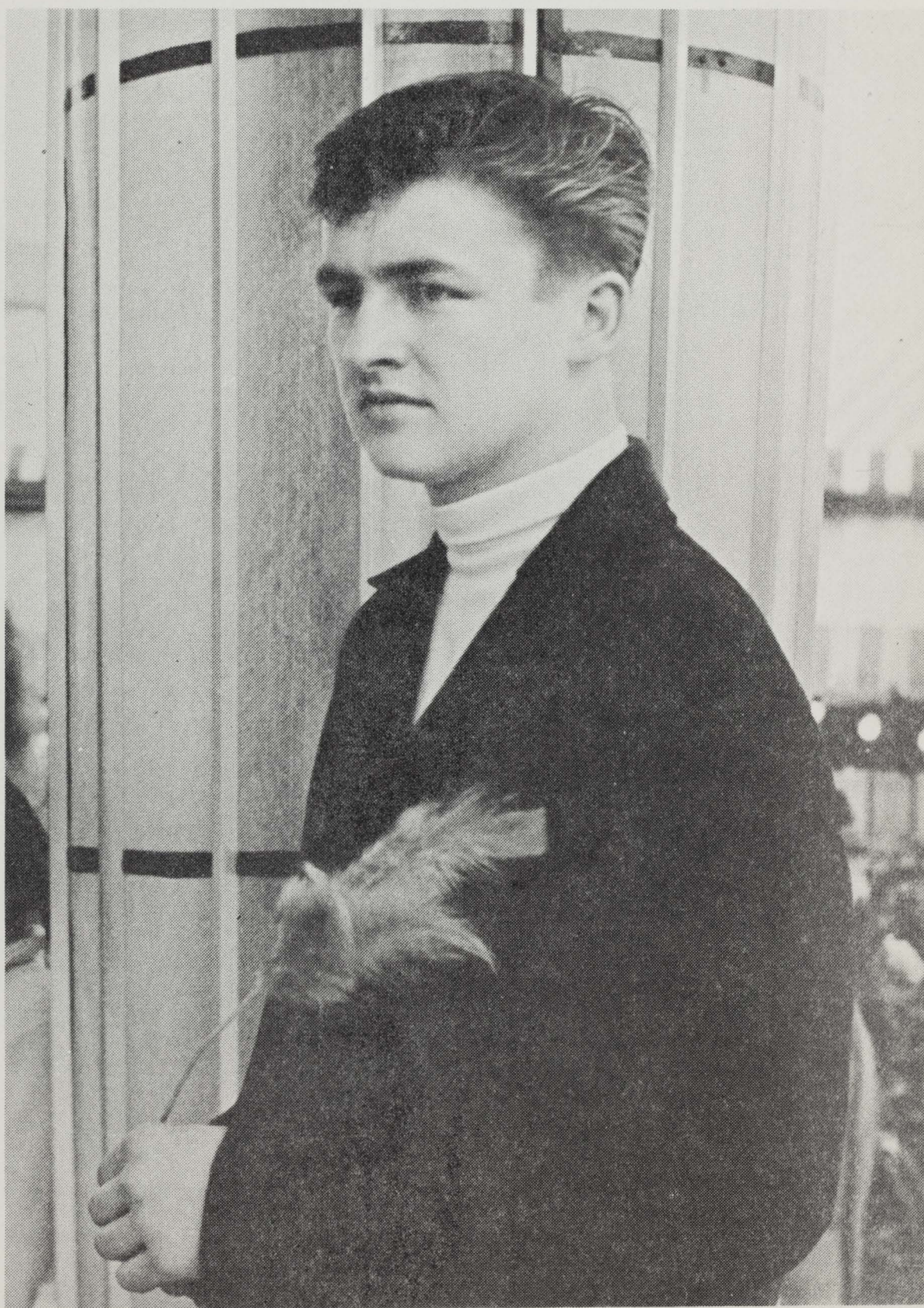
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THE HOMOSEXUAL VIEWPOINT

15TH YEAR

NUMBER 165

FIFTY CENTS



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"... a mystic bond
of brotherhood
makes all men one."

Carlyle

magazine

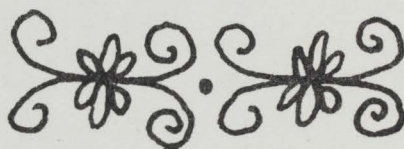
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EDITORIAL

A hazard any Editor must brave is the letters of complaint which pile in upon him. "Why do you print those ridiculous stories? Pocketbooks about gay life are a dime a dozen these days, and, believe it or not, most of them are better written than the junk you print in ONE Magazine." Complaints of this sort are classified as belonging in the "For-God's-sake-give-us-better-fiction-or-no-fiction-at-all" file.

However, they cannot compare in decibels with the "Oh, that awful poetry!" file, one of the largest and really jumping of them all. "Who needs poetry, anyway?" is the usual question. "Save the space for something that means something," run other complaints. The real nasties say, "A bunch of sick queens trying to make like they know something the rest of us can't figure out."

On articles, there is a wide split between the With-It and the Not-With-It groups. The With-It crowd likes long and "deep" articles, "real deep and meaty, man. Something you can bite onto. Pack the poets and the storytellers off to group therapy, which is what they need." The Not-With-It crowd groans, "Not again, please! One more of those wordy, messy 'explanations' of it all and I'll have me a trip just to get away from it all, and probably get busted. Don't those solemn guys know that one simple, groovy little story gets more across than all their gab about Reik and Jung and a lot of crap they know nothing about anyway?"

"Book reviews? Who reads books these days? So, why reviews?" This leaves the embattled Editor with what left? Well, there are letters and news. While news can be all out of date and, "I've read that before" from the I-get-around types, most readers seem to like news of what is going on over the fence from where they live, and especially behind those drawn shades down the street.

Letters have a fine way of either irritating or pleasing about everyone. So there are more letters about the letters just read. And these letters then get printed, telling how irritating it all was, or how much they agreed with earlier letters. Given this convenient self-multiplying factor, perhaps the Magazine should be all letters. It might also be a lot simpler that way.

Don't forget Editorials though. Nothing can be more aggravating or more boring and not needed in this world than an editorial, they say. "I'm going to write that stupid Editor, and tell him what a fool he is. He seems not even to suspect the situation as it really is. Ugh!"

It is pretty hard to know just where some of the letters really do belong. The circular file is a great temptation at times, but, who knows, the worst of them all just could be what really sends someone, somewhere. So, maybe that writer in PEOPLE TODAY wasn't so far off when he called ONE Magazine, "The voice of U. S. homosexuals" way back there in 1954.

Bitching and complaining - griping, and, once in a great while, liking something, why would they bother if they didn't feel it was THEIR Magazine? And that is the way ONE likes it to be.

Richard Conger, Editor

CHANCE

ENCOUNTER

There you were
Scowling from the sun
Separate from other seekers;
Dark, brooding, forbidding,
Most desirable.
At first I would not
Give you consideration;
Call it pride or fear --
I feared your rejection
Might crush my pride --
That made me bashful.
Daring a furtive second look
I found you were gone.
There was another
Who would not be put off.
How you rescued me by reappearing.
And oh, much, much more.
You taught me...What?
Love or jealousy?
You gave to me,
Or took from me...
You found, or lost me...
Or did I find and lose myself?
In the circling riddle called...
The riddle without name.

--Pablo

Whenever I see the name of Rasputin's guitar-playing assassin, Prince Felix Yusupov, it's impossible for me not to associate it with a ruggedly handsome young traffic cop, a hornet-happy backhouse near Westport, Conn., and a Manhattan speakeasy bathroom.

HIS R O Y A L YEN



PRINCE FELIX YUSUPOV
(*Rasputin's murderer*)

by Harry Otis

In Paris, broke, and accustomed to luxurious living in his sumptuous St. Petersburg palace, Felix borrowed \$350,000 from an art collector, pledging as security two great Rembrandts, "Woman With Ostrich Feathers," and "Gentleman With High Hat & Gloves." He secreted them out of Russia by having an artist paint landscapes over them. The collector agreed to return them to him if at the end of three years Felix could repay the loan, plus 8% interest. The day came, and the money, \$560,000 by then, was repaid. Felix obtained it as a loan from another art collector, who, in return, got a lien on the paintings. The first refused to relinquish them and took issue to court in Philadelphia. Felix came to the States to fight the case.

While he was in New York, Ann M. and Elizabeth R. brought him to my dance studio on Madison Avenue for lessons in the Argentine tango. His wife, the beautiful Irina Alexandrova, niece of the Tsar, fortunately never appeared, as she undoubtedly would have objected to them addressing him as Felix, instead of "Your Highness." And, too, she might have questioned his motive for staring so often at Mike, directing traffic on the Avenue. He had an excellent view of Mike from the small iron grilled balcony outside my studio on the second floor. It may have been that Mike reminded him of the superbly built officers of the Russian Imperial Life guards he frequently entertained in the privacy of his palace. Or he could have been contrasting him to the girlish young Grand Duke Dimitri Pavlovich, his former slavishly devoted lover who assisted him in the grisly murder.

Whichever it was, Liz or Ann had to remind me time and again that he was having a tango lesson. Oddly enough, he needed Ann's help learning it. More muscular and more gauche-minded than he was, she did the leading. Whether he knew she did, I don't know. What I do know was that Mike ignored Felix staring at him, and that he strongly disapproved of him "smelling like a two-bit whore," and "that red shine on those long fingernails of his." Yet Mike managed to be talking to Ann's chauffeur every time she, with Liz and Felix, left my studio and climbed into her two-toned bronze Rolls.

A bathroom connected my walnut-paneled studio in the front of a brownstone mansion with Tommy Guinan's (brother of "Texas") speak-easy in back, making it easy for me to spot prohibition agents snooping through the hall and warn him. Fortunately, Mike had a nose for them, and blew his whistle twice to alert me every time he saw them enter the building.

Sexy, a good looker and passionately fond of fresh Parma violets, Tommy may have been the reason so many of my women students took breaks during their lessons. I always bolted the bathroom door to his quarters before they went in, but never bothered when men used the room. One afternoon, when Felix was enthroned on the jon, a drunk staggered in. Felix didn't budge. The man used the bathtub and the next one baptized the washbasin. According to the account Tommy gave me: "All the guys got curious about him. They couldn't get in there fast enough. Felix sat on the can like he was glued to it and couldn't get up. But he finally did and sailed into your place with his nose in the air."

Supplied, as he was, with Nell Alexander's atomic "White Mule," Tommy had no problem getting the hooch he needed. Nell distilled it in a woodshed that shared a spreading elm with a backhouse behind her clapboard cabin. Husky as a stevedore, she wore faded overalls and a jumper and rammed an ice pick through the tight bun of black hair on the nape of her broad neck. "It's easy to grab if the law ever catches me with my pants off," she explained.

Weather permitting, Tommy and I bundled my thrill-starved students (with husbands on the Stock Exchange) into his armored Packard and sped to Nell's. Introductions over, Nell showed them the still and its very efficient guards, two mean-looking hounds.

"They treed a couple of prohibition skunks prowling around here one night," she said, "and kept them up there yelling their fool heads off 'till morning. Since then, it's been quiet as a nun's crotch around here."

Before the excited ladies left, Nell gave each a nip of "White Mule" and a sample bottle of it labeled Turpentine "to take home to your old man. He can get all he wants at Tommy's by rapping on his door and telling him Nell sent him."

At Mike's suggestion, we took Felix, with Liz and Ann, to Nell's one June afternoon. Mike went ahead and had barbecue ready by the time we arrived. And Nell had changed the sheets on her bulky

brass bed. "In case Mike wants to use it," she said to me on the sly.

Having seen women of all ages and Ivy Leaguers flagrantly violate traffic regulations so Mike could give them a ticket, I agreed with her and smiled at Felix's unbelievable behavior when near him. It was impossible to believe, there at Nell's, that he and the cold, calculating murderer of the "mad monk", Rasputin, were one and the same.

Mike, in charge of the drinks, asked Felix if he wanted coffee, a Coke, or "White Mule."

"I'll have whatever you're drinking," Felix replied, lowering his eyes.

Mike poured two slugs of the "Mule" in a tin cup for him and two for himself in another. "Here's luck for you in Philly," he said, holding his cup.

Felix, smiling, batted his eyelids. "Thank you, you're so very thoughtful."

How many more they downed before Ann staggered up the path, I never knew. Hearing giggling behind me, I turned and saw Felix leaning against a dogwood tree. Spit dribbled over his sagging lower lip. His head nodded, his knees buckled, and he crumpled to the ground.

Mike picked him up, and half carried, half dragged him into the cabin. A few minutes later he came out and said, "He's in no condition to go back to the city. I'll bring him in my car tomorrow morning."

Nell said she needed a change, and would go with us. As for the hounds, "Nobody will bother Mike & Felix with them around. They're nuts about that Irishman."

Mike was back on the job early the next morning. And no sooner had I opened my studio door in answer to his pounding than he handed me a handsome ring Felix had been wearing. It was a miniature replica, by Faberge, of the Russian imperial crown, set with diamonds and rubies. "I found the damned thing in my pocket this morning when I was changing my pants," he explained. "I wish you'd give it to you-know-who, when he comes for his lesson. You don't need to say anything. Just give it to him."

Liz phoned. Felix had to leave on the afternoon train for Philadelphia. He wanted Mike's home phone number. Could I get it for her to give to him? I was sorry, I couldn't. Had Mike wanted him to have it, he would have given it to him himself. However, he'd left a ring with me Felix had dropped into his pocket by mistake. How about sending her chauffeur for it? Liz did.

Felix lost the case, and returned to New York. One afternoon I saw him standing in front of a hat shop directly across the street where he could see Mike, reflected in the plate glass show window. He stared at him a long time; then with his chin up, his eyes glued straight ahead, His Highness, again his elegant, regal self, swept out of our lives.



AT THE LIBRARY



— monica lee

The room is quiet, only the occasional rustle of a page;
The day is soft and supple and mutes the troubled air.
The people pose, collapsed, in front of musty books.
Their misty eyes wander aimlessly,
They scribble feverishly in fits,
They are very limp and very bored.

You sit at one end of the room, and I am many feet away;
And the air vibrates with the subtle undertones
Of all that we are to each other, and all that we have
been to each other.

Many people are all around us, but they do not hear.

You bend over your desk, with the intensity of your
every motion,

Your eyes intent on some paper or other,
And completely oblivious of me (or are you?).
The sun plays over your silky new-washed hair
And ripples it into flashes of mica and wine;
Flashes that spark the ruby flame
And send the ice-blue fire
Streaming through my tortured veins.

The room darkens about you, I cannot think.
The air grows dense and sings thru my quickened nerves.
My body melts and flows mercurially, and iron bonds
pull me to you.

I must touch your hair, I must feel your body warm
beneath my hand.

Surely I must touch your hair or break.

Then suddenly you look up
You are startled, but your eyes are throbbing with
liquid emotion.
I dissolve in the depths of your eyes, I cannot pull
myself loose.
How can I hold the substance of myself when your eyes
devour me?
You reach towards me, and you are mine as much as you
will ever be...

The bond snaps; we look at each other, and your eyes
are full of love.
And then of fear -- and already you have withdrawn
My sterile hopes fall crashing around me.
My body weeps in shivering frustration,
Descends the endless spiral ---
Only to mount again, in a minute or an hour or a day.

The room is still quiet.
I look at the people, but they do not notice;
They are very bored and very tired.
And you --- you are lost in your Sea of Repression;
And so another day drags on.

BOOKS

Notices and reviews of books, articles, plays and poetry dealing with homosexuality and the sex variant. Readers are invited to send in reviews or printed matter for review.



COUNSELING THE INVERT, by John R. Cavanagh, M. D., Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, 1966, 306 pp., \$7.50

Dr. Cavanagh is a noted psychiatrist, a special lecturer for the School of Sacred Theology of the Catholic University of America, and the author of a number of respected texts along counseling & psychiatric lines. But, since he certainly would take pains to warn his public against the moral dangers inherent in ONE's publications, readers of ONE should also be warned to expect in his book precisely what his background in Roman Catholicism suggests -- a predictably narrow, biased, and non-objective point of view.

This is all the more a pity because of the obviously extensive amounts of research, clinical experience and dedication which have been put into this volume. The first 15 chapters, or "clinics," as he calls them, are goldmines of information on current and historical studies of the subject, and on scientific and doctrinal opinion, almost outdoing Dr. Marmor's Sexual Inversion in their comprehensiveness. The notes are most instructive, the bibliographies truly impressive. The reader might even be able to tolerate Clinic 11, in which Dr. Cavanagh asks - not "IS a Homosexual Unsuitable for the Religious Life?" but "WHY IS a Homosexual Unsuitable for the Religious Life?", and then, having presumed his unsuitability to begin with, lists nine reasons, most

of them of a pragmatic variety, in support of his assertion. But on reaching Clinic 16, Dr. Cavanagh discards the mask of objectivity completely, and exposes, naked for all to see, the ancient bigotry of the church.

He begins by commenting that statistical frequency of a sex act, such as a homosexual act, is not a guide to its morality or normality, asserting that the "conceptional" (reproductive) & the "relational" aspects of coition "may never be entirely and permanently separated." Any coition, he says, not reproductive as to purpose or intent (which plainly categorizes all homosexual and many heterosexual acts) is contra naturam (against nature) irrespective of statistical frequency. Then, using familiar semantic tactics, the "unnatural" is quickly eased into the framework of the "immoral," and this piece of verbal legerdemain - commonplace enough in popular arguments over sexual morality -- is here so blandly accomplished that only the alert reader will notice the transformation.

In his discussion of "the moral question," Doctor Cavanagh shows a limited knowledge of homophiles comparable to Doctors Bergler, Bieber and others, and like many psychiatrists dealing with this subject, he formulates field theories and conclusions from the limited evidence of clinical cases. In order to pass "proper judgment," he goes on, "(the moralist) must bear in mind that in most cases (of sex

behavior), more especially in cases of homosexuality, he is concerned not only with a sex act. The problem reaches the whole personality of the subject. Affectively the homosexual lives not in a world of men and women, but only in a world of men." (p. 226) Such a limitation is, actually, quite untypical of homophiles. By the same token one should say that, "affectively, the heterosexual male lives not in a world of men and women, but only in a world of women," which of course is absurdly uncharacteristic. The first statement illustrates very well indeed how erroneous can be a generalization derived from special cases, yet how acceptable it can be made to appear when speciously introduced.

Much less adroit techniques are evident when Dr. Cavanagh discusses the "objective" morality of inversion. A reasoned judgment as to the morality of an act is usually based upon its value and outcome for the individuals concerned -- but not in Dr. Cavanagh's view. As criteria of "objective" morality, he cites: (1) the Old and New Testaments of the Bible; (2) the Teachings of the Fathers of the Church; (3) The Councils of the Church; and (4) the Teachings on the Natural Law. His inclusion of the N. T. is scarcely surprising. However, the reader is doubtless aware that the actual disciples of Jesus who wrote the four Gospels nowhere suggest any antihomosexual bias in the teachings or attitudes of Jesus. It was left for a neo-Christian, a one-time persecutor of Christians and Jewish legalist, to fulminate about "effeminacy," "lustful acts between men," etc. The epistles of Paul have indeed furnished modern antihomosexuals with powerful ammunition but Paul's antecedents, and his general antisexual bias, cast serious doubt on the Christian validity of his opinions. The last, and most astonishing criterion of "objectivity" cited by Dr. Cavanagh -- about on a par with the Medieval teaching that the earth is flat -- is that homosexual acts are condemned "in the opinion of all men through

recorded history." "All men" is elsewhere qualified as "all moralists and thinking men," -- so that we are not forced to believe, -- as in the first case -- that the author knows nothing beyond the limits of his medical books, and others sanctioned by the Index, but merely that his smaller category of "moralists and thinkers" does not extend far beyond an ecclesiastical elite, typified by St. Paul, St. Augustine, and St. Thomas Aquinas.

In his subsequent discussion of the "moral responsibility of the homosexual," Dr. Cavanagh concedes that "the genuine homosexual is not responsible for being what he is." But one notes here, as elsewhere, his use of "homosexual" to categorize persons rather than sexual inclinations, an unscientific practice reinforced by his reference to the "homosexual personality," a term which can only suggest that sexual orientation necessarily colors or characterizes the entire individual. This is an error easily recognizable by observing that individual sex orientation determines nothing whatever in the purely intellectual sphere, and very little in the moral and esthetic spheres. The notion that the mathematics of a Newton, the philosophy of a Plato, the theories of a Darwin, or the artistic gifts of a Rembrandt, or Mozart, depend on or reflect these persons' sexual idiosyncrasies seems unworthy of attention.

On the subject of "culpability" for being an invert, and "culpability" for adult (deliberate or intentional) homosexual acts, Dr. Cavanagh begins by saying that "The state of being homosexual under practically all circumstances has in itself no more moral responsibility than the state of being heterosexual." But, as regards acts, he has already stated as a priori (i.e., as church dogma) that homosexual acts are immoral and sinful, so immoral and sinful they must remain. How two different states of being can be described as morally neutral when one is productive of moral

acts, and the other of immoral acts, is not explained.

The text then continues with advice on pastoral counseling of homosexuals, which differs from secular counseling chiefly in its insistence on the immorality of homosexual acts, in its insistence on total continence, outside of the exceptions sanctioned by the church, and in its religious overtones. As for the last, it is said, for example, that "The client must be convinced of God's love for him, and persuaded that he can live with his inclination in a life of peaceful self-control and sublimation." (What percent of celibate clerics has managed this feat?)

Finally there are a few pages on therapy including brief descriptions of treatments ("adaptive" or "curative") which have been applied to homosexuality up to the present time, a review of modern professional opinions on the subject of cure, and a few closing words on the subject of prevention - "cure" and "prevention" being discussed in a largely neo-Freudian framework, with special emphasis on Ellis' and Bieber's data & conclusions.

In moral viewpoint, COUNSELING THE INVERT rests exclusively on the subjective judgments of Roman Catholic dogma, respecting which Dr. Cavanagh could hardly be counted on as other than an uncritical exponent. But religious dogmas have never been noted for either scientific or logical content. Thus they have toppled, one by one, under the pressure of rational approaches to human nature, and to the material and social conditions of human experience.

The whole question of Dr. Cavanagh's arguments revolves around the issue of what is natural to man, and the more we study human nature the less we are inclined to accept, as a final judgment in this matter, the fiat of some antique priesthood. It is much more reasonable, as well as scientific, to assume that it is natural to man to do whatever man is interested in doing. This frees our concepts

of morality from their present semantic bondage to church dogmas about "nature," so that the morality of acts can be judged in an objective, rational manner, that is, in terms of their actual consequences in the lives of those concerned.

-- R. H. Crowther

THE JUVENILE HOMOSEXUAL EXPERIENCE AND ITS EFFECT ON ADULT SEXUALITY, by Robert H. V. Ollendorff, M.A., M.D., L.R.C.P., M.R.C.S., D.P.M., The Julian Press, Inc., 119 Fifth Avenue, New York 10003; 1966, 245 pp. \$7

If we consider Dr. Ollendorff strictly as this book's author, it is unfortunate for him that we readers are, in the overwhelming majority, not sick. He has studied many scholarly books, & treated many difficult cases, & undoubtedly many distressed persons have benefitted from his ministrations. He has given much thought to his patients' problems; and so when he philosophizes on his observations we laymen must listen respectfully. How much of his wisdom he manages to convey to his reader is doubtful.

Be prepared, if you read this book, to cope with psychologists' exasperating vocabulary, and to accept some concepts and theories that seem useful to initiates, but make no sense to the rest of us. There is no question that juvenile sexual experience is a most important subject.

We value science because we can use it. A scientist can say with assurance, "Given this circumstance (with as many ifs, ands, and buts as the instance requires), a specific departure from a person's or a group's proper behavior will result in that pathological condition."

Then any competent healer will say: - "When the disordered condition is that, I shall apply this remedy - whereupon you may bank upon it that the result will be thus-and-so." With an ordinary physician, that seems the common course of events.

With psychologists and homosexuality, though, the only safe prediction is:- "You can't always sometimes tell."

For our purposes, one trouble is that Dr. Ollendorff is continually dealing with sick persons, many of whom are criminals, and most of whom seem to me not at all bright. You, contrastingly, are probably not a criminal and you average brighter-than-average. If you are sick, your sickness will not match the sicknesses Dr. Ollendorff treated --- some of which illustrate the all-but-incredible extremes that some patients exhibit. Nor can you expect that if you take the medication mentioned as given, the effect upon you will be satisfactory.

Dr. Ollendorff seems to think society to blame for those unfortunate illnesses and misbehaviors. Still, if I understand him, he favors a greater heterosexual permissiveness. I would expect such permissiveness to result in the birth of more and more children in conditions of ignorance, poverty and crime. Those conditions would subject succeeding generations to the very processes of psychological mayhem that we all deplore.

Each of the many case histories included is too brief to suit me. To draw any inferences from a case, we need to know a great deal about it. Often no estimate of the patient's intelligence is made; and, in other cases, it is not enough to say that a person is intelligent.

No two persons are intelligent in exactly the same way. It is entirely possible that the degree of intelligence is not significant; but then, where homosexuality is concerned, what characteristics are?

Designed by Cynthia Muser and printed in a beautiful and legible typeface, the book is well made.

--- Manuel boyFrank

THE ASBESTOS DIARY, by Casimir Dukahz, Oliver Layton Press, New York, 1966, 281 pp., \$5.95.

I knew that a book like this

was going to be written sooner or later -- for the times were growing increasingly ripe for its appearance. But, for its appearance in press, there was to take place the improbable coincidence of a boy-lover who was at the same time a master of literary prose, a first-class humorist, and, above all, a man risen above all hackneyed morality.

Well, what seemed well-nigh impossible to take place has actually happened: the man exists, his name is Casimir Dukahz, and the book has been written, published, is being read and, what matters most, is changing the sexual habits of those who read it.

I, alas! am too old to benefit from the reading of this book, but I will say this much: had I read it fifty years ago, when, at eighteen years of age, I chanced to come across Psychopathia Sexualis, by Krafft-Ebing, my life would have been far less miserable than the one I led, what with all the regrets, heart-aches, remorse, prejudices, etc. which plagued it thru all these years. During these fifty years, every boy I loved caused a psychic upheaval originating from the conflict between my life's deepest urges and the world's tenets of morality.

Now, as far as I am concerned, it is all part of the past, the inner fire is spent, my heart is a rag, and I can only rejoice at the publication of this book which may lead many to the road to happiness. That the author stresses the physical side of the pursuit of happiness through the enjoyment of that most stupendous flower of creation - a boy's adolescent body - while the spiritual aspect of Greek Love is overshadowed, constitutes, to my notion, the only flaw in this otherwise praiseworthy book.

And, purposely, I say praiseworthy, because apart from his teachings on the technique of boys' love-making, this book happens to be a most humorous piece of literature of its genre; perhaps THE most humorous

since the Satyricon of Petronius Arbiter. And, it may also be that those who believe in reincarnation will hold that Casimir Dukahz is the 20th Century's Petronius!

--- Bruno Vitale

A CASE OF HUMAN BONDAGE, by Beverley Nichols, Secker & Warburg, London, 1966, 153 pp.

This little book is frankly sensational. If ever the word bitchy is appropriate, it would apply to author Nichols' trading upon his long friendship with Somerset Maugham and the brilliant circle in which Maugham moved, to write an exposé of the famous man's homosexuality.

Whatever one's moral reservations about the exploitation of the great by sycophants, the book undeniably makes for fascinating reading, as the tragic drama of Maugham's long-suppressed, or long-dissembled, homosexuality spewed into public view through a series of tempestuous battles between Maugham, his boyfriend, Gerald Haxton, & Syrie, Maugham's wife.

The divorce which finally followed, the scandals, the society brawling and gossip-mongering which seems to have been the way of life of this particular, and somewhat unpleasant little in-group, reveal, in Nichols' flamboyantly epicene prose the bare backsides of a facade of greats and near-greats, some of whom are still living. Those no longer so can consider themselves lucky!

Nowhere more clearly than in Maugham's case is the price society exacts from the homosexual more clearly shown. Not only did Maugham attempt to hide his true self from the world but, far more disastrously, for half a life and more he tried to hide it from himself, and that is where the toll was taken. Out of such shiftiness came the surface glitter, the inability (or unwillingness) to penetrate into his characters to the depth of which he might have been capable, that left behind a stun-

ted literary career, and made Maugham's last years cynically embittered. If he can justly be said to have sold his life for a mess of pottage - he might himself have put it, for a mess - that is what Beverley Nichols so aptly describes in A Case of Human Bondage.

H.

VALENTINO, by Brad Steiger and Chaw Mank. New York, 1966, Macfadden Books (paperback), 192 pp., 75¢.

If it is as faithful to life as it seems, this fast-paced biography deserves a more substantial medium of publication than its present paperback form. It gives the impression of thorough research, and reviews both the legends and the facts of The Great Lover's childhood and frustrated adolescence, his almost monastic existence as a professional ballroom dancer in New York, his meteoric screen career, his two (apparently unconsummated) marriages, his tortured struggles to keep up the "Great Lover" image in spite of his vague and perhaps inverted sexuality, his untimely death in 1926, and the unbelievable deluge of morbidity, superstition, and sentiment that followed and which continues into the present day.

Whether Valentino was or was not homosexual (whatever that means) becomes rather incidental when compared with the stresses of his life and his career as a whole, the latter set chiefly in the milieu of Hollywood's film-dom during the roaring Twenties when names like Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, John Gilbert, Bebe Daniels, Vilma Banky, the Talmadge sisters, etc. were making cinematic history along with fantastic incomes for their owners. He certainly seems to have had more-than-mere brushes with Hollywood's homosexual cliques. At any rate, among the numerous commemorative services for him on the first anniversary of his death, one is said to have been held at a Hollywood gay bar, at which two men (one in drag) danced the famed Argentine tango which Rudy had popu-

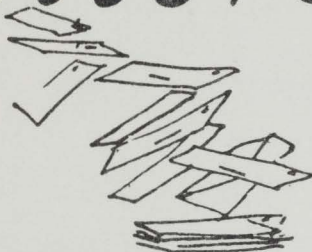
larized in the States and in Europe, and a reigning "queen" of the day delivered a tearful eulogy, in which he described his intimacies with the departed Sheik as "divine communication with the Godhead."

At least one of Valentino's directors (Adolph Zukor) is quoted as having been unimpressed with his acting ability. But Rudy's fame as a "sex symbol of a tinsel age" did not rest essentially upon histrionic talent.

In fact, it seems that it wasn't even his intention to reenact the conquests of Don Juan; rather, his real motivation was toward the dashing hero in the romantic, sexless Troubadour tradition. "But ---" as Rodolpho Alfonzo Raphaelo Pierre Filibert Guglielmi di Valentino d'Antonguolla used to say to friends, "we cannot always order our lives as we would like to have them."

J. M. U.

Letters



The views expressed here are those of the writers. ONE's readers cover a wide range of geographical, economic, age, and educational status. This department aims to express this diversity.

Dear ONE:

The disconcerting thing to me is the blatant prevalence on the streets of the obvious, young painted bitches. They can do more harm in ten minutes than all of the publications can do good in months. It is so unfortunate, because their image is the one most people have of a homosexual, which is completely unfair. Like one or two apples spoiling an entire barrel.

In New York last summer, I was standing on the corner of 42nd St. and 8th Avenue. A fight was in progress, so I, along with a lot of other people, watched. A cop stood nearby and I asked him why he didn't stop it. His answer? "They are only a couple of fairies. They'll get tired pretty soon." And they did, and walked away arm in arm.

Mr. W.
-----, Iowa

Dear Sirs:

I came across this passage in "The Spiritual Sayings of Kahlil Gibran," and thought you might use it:-

"When people abhor what they cannot understand, they are like those burning with fever, to whom the choicest food is unpalatable."

Mr. C.
Los Angeles, California

Dear ONE:

Frankly, I think you are the best homosexual communication in the country, and I have read 'em all. But I think the direction of your efforts is misoriented. I suggest you get to the core of the difficulty. I would waste no time whatever trying to change hetero's opinions of homosexuals.

Honestly, I don't give a good hoot what they think. Their thoughts can't hurt me; but their laws can. So, let's not dilute our efforts. Let's concentrate a massive effort against sodomy statutes, so I suggest this plan.

The sodomy statutes will speedily be repealed, if they become more of a nuisance to heteros than they are to homosexuals. Why cannot ONE set up a school of instruction for investigators who would be trained in investigative methods? These "shock troops" would disperse, three to a State, to investigate, document and bring to Court irrefutable evidence of sodomy between politically and economically important men and their wives.

With such prosecutions in each State we can wipe out all sodomy statutes before 1969. It will cost a lot, but our wealthy friends can provide the money.

I realize, of course, the problems involved, among them the difficulties of securing evidence of heterosexual sodomy particularly between husband and wife.

And please print my complete name. I am a little tired of Mr. A. and Mr. B., etc. The devil take the heteros, I say. I'm gay and I'm pleased with it. It enriches my life.

Philip Jenkins
Baltimore, Maryland

Dear Sirs:

I have received a letter from the South African Collector of Customs and Excise warning me against the importing of prohibited literature.

Apparently your copies of ONE Magazine are being confiscated by the Customs for I have not received an issue for the last month or so. I have really enjoyed reading your Magazines much. It was interesting learning how the other half lives.

Mr. X.
-----, South Africa

Dear Sirs:

I am very interested in the Homophile Organizations and their Movement. Having just moved here I looked for an organization. Finding none, I began to talk and ask questions of all the homosexuals I know in the area. There are a few individuals who are willing to give their full support. Of course there are several who are reluctant. They have seen very little good, if any at all, coming from an organization of this type. The basic fear seems to be exposure.

I have taken it upon myself to write to you for help in trying to organize this area.

Mr. L.
-----, Illinois

Dear Friends:

I am extremely indignant about the enclosed article concerning the Houston murder. I don't remember ever reading anything about homosexuals so slanderous as this. That homosexuals, as a group, are said to be given to committing the most atrocious and bizarre crimes is absolutely appalling.

Is there no legal way that public officials can be prevented from making such uncalled-for remarks? It seems to me that irresponsible statements made to the press by such officials do great harm to all the good work ONE and other homophile organizations are trying to do to create an image of the homosexual as a responsible member of society.

A public apology should be demanded of Police Chief Shipp and the city officials who can be held responsible for his actions. My only conclusion is that we have much to do yet in the way of educating the society in which we live about homosexuality. What a pity that we Americans feel no pang of conscience at all in laying down large sums of money for status symbols, but how much it hurts us to send to ONE even once a year as much as \$5, much less any larger contribution, even though we know in our heart and mind that we should be helping as much as possible.

Mr. D.
South Bend, Indiana

Dear ONE Magazine:

Your announcement calendars, quotes from back issues (which were especially good), the By-Laws of the Corporation, happenings of the Corporation, etc., as published in ONE Confidential, truly do give one something to read.

My best wishes to you all, as it does appear you are getting things done.

Mr. M.
Denver, Colorado

My dear "One,"

For many years I have desired to participate in our Movement. In my own way, I have promoted homosexual life and supported verbally, as well as spiritually, all of its causes.

This past year having been a period of personal fulfillment, I resolved to:-

- (1) Subscribe to your excellent publication;
- (2) Offer my services, few that they may be, to our goal of total equality & long overdue civil liberties.

Allow me to go on record in stating that "I am One," and will continue to strive toward unity within our own ranks.

There is much to be said for the old adage:-

"The family that gays
together stays together."

Very sincerely,
Mr. C.
East Brunswick, N. J.

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed please find my application for a year's membership in ONE.

I realize that this does not entitle me to any special services, but perhaps you could help me by answering a question. Is there any way that I might meet others like myself here in this area, through ONE? I can't bring myself to go to the usual "hangouts" here in New Orleans and I would appreciate it if you could put me in touch with someone of my own age (23).

As I said before, I realize you're not running a "love-lorn" service, but any help you may be able to give would be greatly appreciated. I am naturally a quite bashful person, and it took a great deal of time before I would even send in this subscription. But I am so desperate for a sympathetic ear, that I've overcome some of the shyness.

Thank you.

Mr. L.
New Orleans, Louisiana

(Editor's Reply)

Requests like yours have been received very frequently over the years. We wish we could be of some practical help to you, but this would be possible only through an Outreach Council, and, so far, we have been able to establish these only in Chicago, Detroit, and New York, where public and semi-public meetings are frequently held. Your city is one of many metropolitan centers in need of this service, and it is through the interest and support of persons such as yourself that this will become possible. Many thanks.